

# GIVE ME BACK MY HEART.

BY MINNIE MAY.

Oh! yes, let me part—  
I have loved thee in vain  
And bring back my heart  
To its owner again.  
But bring it back carefully—  
Don't let it fall;  
And, oh! if you break it,  
Don't bring it at all.

A perverse little thing  
It has been to me—  
Always bound to take wing  
When it ought not to be.  
But, oh! I will chide it  
For roaming away,  
And in my breast hide it  
Till Valentine day.

When some other lover,  
More loving than you,  
May in it discover  
Affections most true,  
But, oh! if it should  
On your city, sir, fall,  
Then bless me, how could  
You return it at all?

[Porter's Spirit.]

# TRODDEN FLOWERS.

BY TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,  
Cling to an kindly trellis, and to him,  
Spirits that suffer and do not repine,  
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,  
That from beneath the passer's heel arise  
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel  
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;  
That would find fault with anger worse than steel,  
And on of pity's spring draw life and tears.  
O Nature! shall it ever be thy will  
To fill things that could to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy load of sorrow press  
The willing heart of uncomplaining love?  
Methinks charity that shrinks not from distress,  
Gentleness, both her tyrants and her foes,  
Though virtue weep for ever and lament,  
With one hard heart broken to her and relent.

Why should the need be broken that will bend,  
And they that dry the tears in other's eyes  
Feel their own anguish without end?  
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?  
Sure love, to some fair Eden of the soul,  
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weeps always—weepeth for the past,  
For what that are, for what that may be;  
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,  
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?  
Fate whispers sorrow, sorrow is your lot,  
They would be rebels—love rebellious not.

**Many Things That Adam Missed.**

Adam never knew what 'twas to be a boy,  
To wheedle pennies from a doting sister,  
With which to barter for some pleasing toy,  
Or climb the rising of a strong desire  
To seek an enemy.  
Nor cast the shuttlecock to tattle-dore,  
Nor wear his trousers over at knee,  
From playing marbles on the kitchen floor,  
He never skated o'er the frozen rill,  
When winter's covering o'er the earth was spread,  
Nor glided down the slippery hill,  
With pretty girls on his trusty sled.

He never swung up on his father's gate,  
Or slept in sunshine on the cedar door,  
Nor roared elephants at the kitchen grate,  
Nor spun his humming top upon the floor.  
He never amused himself with rows of bricks,  
So set, if one fell, all come down;  
Nor gazed delighted at the sunny trees,  
Or harlequin or travelling circus clown.  
By gradual growth he never reached the age,  
When cruel Cupid first invokes his art,  
And stamps love's lesson, page by page,  
On the glowing tablets of a youngling's heart.

He never wandered forth on moonlight nights,  
With her he loved above all earthly things,  
Nor tried to mount Pindar's rocky heights,  
Because he fancied love had lent him wings.  
He never tripped it o'er the ball room floor,  
Where love and music intertwine their charms,  
Nor wandered round the city by the shore,  
Debarred the pleasures of his lady's arms.  
For Adam—so at least 'tis said,  
By many an ancient and modern sage,  
Before a moment of his life had fled,  
Was full thirty years of age.

**THE LITTLE GIRL'S SHIRT.**

The first one I met was "Sut," (after  
crossing the Hiwassee,) "weaving along" in  
his usual rambling, uncertain gait; his ap-  
pearance as once satisfied me that some-  
thing was wrong. He had been sick—  
whipped in a fight, or was just out-growing  
one of his big knicks. But upon this point  
I was soon enlightened.

Why, Sut, what's wrong now?  
Heaps wrong; durn my skin of I haint  
most dead. Laid off three hos, George,  
an take a horn, while I take two, (shaking  
that everlasting flask of his) and  
plant yerself on that arlog an I'll tell ye, I  
ken, but it's most beyonst tollin. I reckon  
I'm the darndest fool outen Utau, 'cept my  
dad, for he acted hos, an I haint done that  
yet; allers in some trap that can't beech a  
sheep. I'll drow myself some day, see if  
I don't jist stop a family dispersion to  
make d—d fools on themselves.

How is it, Sut? Have you been beat play-  
ing cards, or drinking, which is it?  
Nara one; that can't be done in these parts;  
but seeing its you, George, I'll tell you; but  
I swar I'm shamed—sick—sorry, and—  
and mad, I am.

Ye know I boards with Bill Car, at his  
cabin on the mountain, and pays for sich as  
I gets when I hev the money, and when I  
hent evny why he takes one third over it  
outen me in cussing, and she, that's his  
wife Betts, takes out tother two thirds with  
the battin sick, and the intrust with her  
tong, an the intrust's more'n the princip'l—  
hearp more. She's the cussidest woman I  
ever seed evny how for law, breedin, an  
pride. She can seel a bawster onto a bull's  
face rite on the curl in two minits. She  
out breeds evny thing on the river—an  
pattens arter evny fashun she hears tell of  
from bussils to briches. Oh! she's one of  
'em, and sometimes she's two or three.  
Well, ye see, I'd got sum home made cot-  
ton truck to make a new shat outen, and  
coaxed Betts to make it, an about the time  
it wur dur, here cums lawyer Johnson  
along and axed for breckfus—I wish it had  
pizened him, durn his hide, an I wonder  
it didn't, for she cooks awful mixings when  
she tries—I'm pizen proud myself, (holding  
up his flask and peeping thro' it) or I'd  
been dead long ago.

Well, while he wur a eatin', she spied  
out that his shat was stiff an mighty sick;  
so she never rested till she wormed it outen  
him that a preparation of flour did it, and  
she got a few particulars about the proceed-  
ings outen him by 'oman's art—I don't  
know how she did it—perhaps he does.  
After he left she set in and biled a big pot  
ove paste, nigh on to a peck ove it, and  
soaked in my shat an let it soak awhile;  
then she tuck an ironed it out flat and dry,  
and set it up on its aidge agin the cabin in  
the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry  
hoss hide, an it rattled like sheet stove iron,  
it did. It wur pasted together all over.  
When I cum to dinner, nigher wur dur  
but I must put it on. Well, Betts an me  
got the thing arter sum hard work,  
she pullin' at one of the tails an me at  
tuther, an I got it int. Durn the everlastin'  
nawfigshid shat, I say. I felt like I'd  
crawled inter an old bee gum an full  
ove pizenants; but it wur like lawyer John-  
son's, and I stud it like a man, an went tu

work to bild Betts a shat hopper. I work-  
ed powerful hard an sweet like a hoss, an  
when the shat got wet it quit its hartin'.  
After I got dur, I tuck another four fingers  
of red head, an cralled up into the cabin  
loft to take a snuse.

Well, when I waked up I thot I was dead,  
or had the cholery, for all the jints I cud  
move were my ankles, wrist and knees—  
cudn't even move my bed or wink my eyes  
—the cussed shat wur pasted unto me all  
over, from the pint of the tails to the pint  
of the broad ax collars over my years. It  
set to me as clost as a poor cow hide  
does in March. I quirmed and strained  
and straid till I got it sorter broke at the  
shoulders, an elbows, an then I dun the  
damdest fool thing ever did in these moun-  
tins. I shuffled my briches off an tore luse  
fium my hide about two inches ove the  
tail all round in angly pain and tribula-  
shun. Oh! but it did hurt. Then I tuck up  
a plank outen the loft and hung my legs  
down thru a hole, and nailed the sige ove  
the front tlu to the aige of the floor before  
an the hind tail I nailed to the plank what  
I sot on, I unbuttoned the collar an rias-  
bands, raised my hands way up above my  
head, shut up my eyes, said grace and jump-  
ed thru the groun floor.

Here Sut ruminated sadly.

George, I'm a durnder fool than ever dad  
was, hos, honets, an all. I will drow  
myself sum of these days, see if I don't.

Well, go on, Sut; did the shat come off?

I—h—n—k—t—d—d. I herd a noise  
sorter like tarin a shingle rill of ove a  
house, all at onst, and felt like my guts and  
bones wur all that reached the floor. I  
staggered to my feet and tuck a look up at  
the shat. The nails had all hilt thru bolt,  
and thar it wur hanging arms down, inside  
out, and as stiff as ever. It looked like a  
map of Mexico jist arter one ove the worst  
battles—a patch of my hide about the size  
ove a dollar an a half hilt here; a bunch ove  
my har about the size ove a bird's nest thar;  
then some more skin; then sum paste; then  
a little more har; then a heap ove skin;  
then more har, then more skin, an so on all  
over that durn ned-fangled, everlastin',  
infernal cuss ove a shat. It wur a pacter to  
look at—and so wur I. The hide, har, and  
paste wur about eckled deatween me  
and hit. Wunder what Betts durn her,  
thot, when she cum home and foun me mis-  
sard? "Spect she thinks I crawled into the  
thicket and died ove my wits. It must  
ove skared her good, for I tell you it look-  
ed like the skin ove sum wild beast torn off  
alive, or a bug what hed kerried a load ove  
fresh beef from a shooting match.

Now, George, of ever I ketch that lawyer  
Johnson out I'll shoot him, and of ever an  
'oman talks about flatin a shat, for me  
agin, durn my everlastin pacter of I don't  
flatin her. It's ribitubion, sartin, the big-  
gest kind ove a preacher's regular ribitu-  
tion. Du you mind my driving ove dad  
throu that hornet's nest, an then racing of  
him inter the creek?

Yes.

Well, this was cumt of it. I'll drow'n't  
myself sum ove these days, see if I don't, if  
I don't die from that awful shat. Take a  
horn, an don't you ever try a sticky shat as  
long as you live.

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—A little girl,  
whom people may have observed selling  
violets around the New York Hotel, offered  
a bunch the other day to a gentleman and  
lady who were staying at that establish-  
ment, as they were returning from a walk.

"Please buy my violets, sir," said the little  
one, holding a purple bunch that she  
seemed to have the dew upon it. "Please  
buy my violets—only a sixpence a bunch."

"No, go away, child," said the lady, rather  
harshly, "I don't want them."

"My dear," remarked the gentleman, mildly,  
you have spoken rather harshly to the poor  
child; see, her eyes are filled with tears."

The lady looked around. The little violet  
girl, whose eyes were as dark as the  
flowers she sold, was weeping silently. In  
an instant Mrs. Y's warm Southern nature  
gushed out, and turning back, she clasped  
the poor child in her arms, and endeavored  
to soothe her grief.

"How very, very like our poor Alfred  
this child is," said Mrs. Y, looking atten-  
tively in the face of the violet girl. Alfred  
was their only son, who had come to New  
York some five or six years ago, where he  
died of disipation.

Mr. Y, attracted by his wife's exclamation,  
examined the little girl attentively.

"There is a strong likeness," he replied.  
They questioned her. She had little to  
tell. Her mother and father were both  
dead. She was not certain but her father's  
name was Y—. It was enough. The  
old lady and gentleman took the child  
between them in a carriage, and straightway  
drove to the house of her grandmother,  
with whom she lived. There they discov-  
ered that their son had absolutely been  
married, sometime before his death, to a  
pretty sewing-girl, who did not long sur-  
vive him, and who died leaving behind her  
this one child. Mr. and Mrs. Y. were rich  
and childless. This little creature, ragged,  
and uneducated, was more welcome than a  
fortune. She was instantly washed and  
dressed, and teachers had for her. Her  
father changed as the seasons change. It  
had been winter with her for a long time,  
and now it was May. I have no doubt, in  
a few years, I shall have the pleasure of  
dancing with her at some ball in the Fifth  
Avenue.—*Er.*

**MORE OF THE FAMINE IN MICHIGAN.**—  
DISTRESSING SCENES.—The Michigan fam-  
ine is sadly pictured by a writer from De-  
troit, who says that in Gratiot county he saw  
a woman who sustained her sick hus-  
band and two children on maple sugar and  
leeks several days before she could get other  
relief; she then had to carry the provisions  
several miles on her back. This woman  
had taken care of her sick husband since  
last August, and her family of two children,  
beside which she made 100 pounds of milk  
sugar, cleared the ground and hoed in  
two acres of spring wheat, and planted  
some corn and potatoes. She was habited  
in tattered garments.

Another family of a father and three  
daughters, aged fifteen, twelve and ten, said  
they lived on milk, maple sugar and leeks  
for a week after they could borrow nothing  
more, before supplies reached them. Two  
other families, consisting of four grown per-  
sons and seven children, and who consid-  
ered themselves well off, had no breadstuffs  
except two bushels of spring wheat, and a  
like quantity of oats, which they had got  
for seed. This they mixed together and  
ground in a coffee mill. Milk, and a few  
fish they had caught, constituted their sup-  
plies.

Better to be upright with poverty than  
wicked with plenty.

**MORMON MIRACLES.**—President Kimball  
in a recent discourse said: "The rough oak  
boxes in which the bodies of Joseph and  
Hyrum were brought from Carthage were  
made into canes and other articles. I have  
a cane made from the plank of one of those  
boxes, so has Brother Brigham, and a great  
many others, and we prize them highly and  
esteem them a great blessing. I want to  
carefully preserve my cane, and when I am  
done with it here I shall hand it down to  
my heir, with instructions to him to do the  
same. And the day will come when there  
will be multitudes who will be healed and  
blessed through the instrumentality of those  
cane, and the devil cannot overcome those  
who have them, in consequence of their  
faith and confidence in the virtues con-  
nected with them. Often when called upon  
to visit the sick, and when not in a situation  
to ask God to sanctify it and fill it with life  
and power, and send it to the sick, and  
hundreds have been healed by it in the  
manner I have sent my cane." Dr. Rich-  
ards used to lay his old black cane on a  
person's head, and that person has been  
healed through its instrumentality by the  
power of God. I have known Joseph, hun-  
dreds of times, send his handkerchiefs to the  
sick and they have been healed. There  
are persons in this congregation who have  
been healed by throwing my old cloak on  
their beds."

A great historical personage has just died  
in Paris, the famous Vidocq, who, from one  
of the most expert thieves in Europe, was  
promoted to the Prefect of Police. Vidocq,  
whose adventures and experience, in both  
capacities, have been communicated to the  
world in his own memoirs, retired from  
office many years ago, and was succeeded  
by Lacour, whose qualifications, though of  
a like kind, have not obtained equal celeb-  
rity. The Government then resolved to  
appoint a person of less questionable ante-  
cedents. The office has since been filled by  
M. Carlier, now a *Conseiller d'Etat*. Vi-  
docq, who retired with a competence, died  
recently, aged 78, at his residence, in the  
Rue St. Pierre, Popincourt. At his own  
express desire, no friends were present at  
his funeral, which was attended only by  
hired mourners, at the church of St. Louis,  
in the Marais. Vidocq, a few days before  
his death, had an extraordinary idea—that  
if his feet, already palsied with death, could  
touch the earth, he would recover. In  
compliance with his wish, a layer of fine  
moss was placed by his bedside. He rose  
with difficulty, supported by his attendants,  
and placed his feet on it; as he did so, a  
flash of life, so to speak, passed over his  
features, and he drew himself up to his full  
height; but his strength gave way beneath  
the effort, and he fell back inert and cold.  
From that moment he saw that all was  
over with him, and abandoning hope, he  
occupied himself exclusively with his reli-  
gious duties.

**GENERAL WOOL'S SWORD OF HONOR.**—  
The sword prepared by order of Congress  
for presentation to Gen. Wool in apprecia-  
tion of his gallant services rendered in Mex-  
ico, and especially at the battle of Buena  
Vista, has been presented to the veteran.  
A more beautiful and appropriate com-  
pliment than that conveyed by this testimo-  
nial could not have been bestowed. The  
blade is thirty-one and a quarter inches  
long, of the finest cast steel, and embel-  
lized with national devices. The hilt is of  
solid gold, and is a specimen of rare work-  
manship. The design is an ear of corn,  
half concealed by the shuck surrounding it.  
The upper part is a spread eagle, on the  
heart of which is a shield bearing the words,  
"Buena Vista, February 22 and 23, 1847." The  
eyes of the eagle are diamonds. The cross  
of the hilt is the Mexican coat of arms  
—the serpent and cactus—very heavily  
wrought, the eyes of the serpent being gar-  
nets. The scabbard is of silver, plated with  
gold, and ornamented with solid gold bands  
and rings. The end of the scabbard is of  
solid gold and of unique design. On one  
side of the scabbard is the following in-  
scription: "Presented to Gen. John E.  
Wool as a testimony of the high sense en-  
tertained by Congress of his gallant and  
judicious conduct at the battle of Buena  
Vista, in accordance with a joint resolution  
approved January 24, 1854." The sword  
cost \$1,500. The design was furnished by  
Lieut. Benton, of the Army.

**THE LATE MR. WHIRLPOOL, OF NORWAY.**  
—It is said to have been demonstrated, as  
the result of a scientific commission, detailed  
for investigations upon the coast of Norway,  
that the "Meelstroom," or whirlpool, has  
no existence; at least it is not to be found  
at the point designated upon the maps. It  
seems, then, that not only "large ships and  
whales," but Edgar A. Poe and all the rest  
of us, have been "sucked in" by it. What  
an "opening" for the credulity and wonder  
of youth has thus been corked up! And  
how much poetic gas must henceforth be  
utterly turned off! Poor, credulous, mar-  
veling boys and girls, of former generations,  
(*our own as well*) have been taken in and  
done for by Olney, Mitchell, and all the  
other geographers. But science will yet  
swallow us all up in the ever narrowing  
circles with which she comes the whirlpool  
over ignorance and credulity. Western  
lands are sometimes improved to the extent  
only of a "hole in the ground," but Norway  
has sold the whole world with her often  
mapped but undiscoverable "hole in the wa-  
ter." Well, we hate to think that we have  
been humbugged, but after all it is pleas-  
ant to have such a big hole plugged up.

**CURIOUS STATISTICS.**—A friend has hand-  
ed us the following curious statistics in re-  
lation to the reigning family of Russia, trans-  
lated from a German paper:

Emperor Alexander I was born in the year 1777;  
those four figures added up make.....22  
He ascended the throne 1801.....10  
He died in 1825.....16  
Total.....48  
He was 48 years old when he died.

Emper Nicholas was born 1795; those four fig-  
ures added up make.....23  
He ascended the throne 1825.....16  
He died 1855.....19  
Total.....58  
He was 58 years old when he died.

Empress Catherine was 34 years old  
when she ascended the throne, and reigned  
24 years. Emperor Alexander I was 24  
years old when he ascended the throne, and  
reigned 24 years. Emperor Nicholas was  
29 years old when he ascended the throne,  
and reigned 29 years.

**SAVANNAH GEORGIAN.**  
"Here's to internal improvement," as  
Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of  
salts.

**LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.**—Riding on  
the engine of an express train is exciting  
business. We made intercession with the  
powers that be, the other day, and secured  
a passage for a distance of ten miles on  
"the machine." It is interesting to watch  
the track ahead and imagine yourself going  
down the banks from some obstruction.  
You look at the steam gauge and wonder  
if a hundred and ten pounds of steam is the  
safe quantity. As the speed increases the  
force of the engine attracts especial notice.  
Every little roughness of the track is felt,  
and the machine goes knocking about from  
side to side, with force enough to tear the  
rails from the ties. The flat ribbon of rail  
extending so far before you seems utterly  
insufficient to hold the vast ponderous  
weight of iron upon it. For relief from the  
terrors you have conjured up, you turn to  
the engineer and venture a remark. He  
does not look around, his hand is on the  
lever, his eye steadily fixed on the track.  
Just then the fireman rings the bell for a  
crossing. You can see a swing, but in the  
crash and thunder of your progress you hear  
no sound, and then you think that the  
engineer, perhaps, did not hear your voice.  
The fireman is constantly busy. He piles  
up the wood in easy distance, and then  
stokes. As the dry sticks are cast in the  
furnace the devouring flames seize them with a  
fierce avidity, eats their substance, pene-  
trates their pores, and tears them to pieces  
almost in a moment. It is an awful fire,  
unlike any you ever witnessed.

You take another look at the track and  
gain a new sensation—for wherever the rail  
is a little settled the engine sinks down  
upon it, and it seems as if the wheels and  
tracks were giving way, and the whole ma-  
chine about to crush down in one fatal  
smash up.

These are daylight observations; but the  
night is the time to enjoy a locomotive  
ride.

The light from the engine lamp extends  
only for two or three rails forward—beyond  
that all is darkness, and you go plunging  
on into the black unseen before you, with-  
out the possibility of a forewarning of any  
danger. You can see the switch lights, or  
that of another locomotive, but a log or a  
drunken man may be on the track, or a rail  
may be broken and you none the wiser,  
until with one tremendous crash you meet  
your doom upon it.—*Exchange.*

**FRUIT SAVED FROM FROST.**—Our neigh-  
bor, R. J. Moses, says the Columbus Times  
and Sentinel, saved his fruit from the fatal  
edge of the spring frosts by building fires  
in his orchards. We hear of another or-  
chard, a long ways from home, it is true,  
situated on Soda Lake, Texas, which is full  
of living growing peaches. It belongs to  
Mrs. Swanson. As fire preserved one, wa-  
ter saved the other. A writer in the Texas  
Christian Advocate says:

"One thing struck me as remarkable, on  
the plantation of Mrs. Swanson, about one  
mile and a half from the Lake. Her peach  
trees are literally full of living, growing  
peaches! This is the only instance of the  
kind of which I have heard, in all the  
country. The only reason that can be as-  
signed for it is that the farm is directly  
south of the lake; there was a strong north  
wind blowing during the night of the  
freeze. The warm mist from this vast sheet  
of water was blown over the plantation,  
and mysteriously protected the fruit trees  
as well as everything else in the immediate  
vicinity.

The forest trees with their full coat of  
long green leaves, here and immediately  
around the Lake, presented a strange con-  
trast with their withered, withered neighbors  
of only a mile distant. The cotton also  
looked better on this plantation than any I  
ever saw elsewhere."

These facts, if treasured up and acted  
upon hereafter by horticulturists, will in-  
sure fruit hereafter, in spite of the seasons.  
Fire and water are good things in them-  
selves—good for cold—good for heat—  
good for navigation—good for cooking—  
and now that they have been proven to be  
good for fruit in cold weather, we shall not  
blame the heathen for making gods of them.

**FRENCH POLITENESS.**—A young gentle-  
man, lodging in a narrow street of Paris,  
lately conceived himself annoyed of a lady  
who appeared occasionally at an opposite  
window. With the freedom of modern  
France, he enclosed a copper coin in a  
billfold, to give it the necessary weight,  
and threw it with sufficient force against  
the closed sash, to break the pane of glass  
and go through it. His own window was  
left open, and in a few minutes a cold roast  
chicken entered from the opposite side, to  
the leg of which was tied the following note:

"MONSIEUR: You take advantage of a  
means of corresponding with my wife which  
proves you have read the Spanish romances  
too soon. While I admire your ingenuity,  
however, let me express a wish that in fu-  
ture love letters to her, by the same post,  
you will let the enclosed weight be of silver  
instead of copper, that I may be able to re-  
pair the broken pane at your expense.

Your humble servant,  
X."

**COURTESIES OF DEBATE.**—The Cincinnati  
Enquirer ("Democratic" paper) has just  
given a general notice of an "American" can-  
didate for Congress in Kentucky, Col. Han-  
son, and gives the subject-matter of the  
Colonel's address in extracting him-  
self in a certain debate where his opponent  
had obtained a little advantage in relation  
to a matter of history.

Col. Hanson, in reply, said that on his  
historical and scientific questions—indeed, in  
every kind of book knowledge—he had no  
doubt that the gentleman was his superior  
—that he had never been to school nor  
taught a school—that he had gone into ac-  
tive life very early, with an axe on one  
shoulder and a rifle on the other—unlike  
the gentleman, his opponent, who came to  
Kentucky bearing in one hand a spelling-  
book and in the other a rifle, determined  
to make a living either by teaching a school  
or stealing a horse!

A celebrated dandy was one evening in  
company with a young lady, and observing  
her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced,  
and begged the like favor, remarking that  
she ought to have as much charity for him  
as she had shown to the dog.

"Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my  
dog when he was a puppy."

The fellow took the hint and was off in  
hast.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set  
in the sky, when her husband's mind is  
dark with storms and tempests; but a dis-  
satisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trou-  
ble, is like one of those fiends who are ap-  
pointed to torture lost spirits.

**GOOD AND BAD.**—It is a good sign to  
have a man enter your office with a friend-  
ly greeting and say, "there is two dollars  
for my paper." It is a bad sign to hear a  
man say he is "too poor to take a paper"—  
ten to one he carries home a jug of 'red  
eye,' that cost him more than a paper would  
for an entire year.

Alphonzo Ker alleges that epochs in a  
woman's life are frequently marked by dress.  
Women will, for instance, often say that  
such a thing happened when they bought  
a particular article of costume. Thus: "I  
recollect perfectly well when Mrs. Jones  
took her third husband; Charles gave me  
my emerald ring at that time." "Mrs.  
Williams was baptized and confirmed just  
one year ago last January, for I bought my  
blue velvet dress that month." "Old Mrs.  
Pope died last Wednesday six months, for  
I got my camel's hair shawl on the day of  
the funeral."

Seeing upon his wife's shoulder a large  
shawl pin, Mr. D. said, "In the military,  
eh! got to be captain?" She instantly re-  
collected, pointing to the third baby in her  
lap, "No, dear, recruiting sergeant in the  
third infantry."

"Joseph, are you a philanthropist?" said  
a gentleman to our colored *gentleman*, yester-  
day. "Lors, yes, massal lubes everybody;  
has an affection for the whole human race,  
all womankind in particular."

A modest woman declined to ride out in a  
"coach and four" because it was too "so-  
tentatious!"

An old lady desired her horse half to  
look into a barrel that stood in the cor-  
ner, and tell her what he saw. The old  
gentleman looked, and thus answered: O I  
C U R M T.

Johnny, one bright evening, was stand-  
ing by the window gazing at the moon and  
stars, and after looking at them some time  
very intently, he turned and said to his  
mother, who was sitting by him: "Mamma,  
what are those bright little things in the  
sky? Are they the moon's little babies?"

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a pe-  
tunious fellow to a physician who had de-  
voted him an emetic, "can't you give me more?"

"Father," said a little fellow, "I can't  
send you any wedding cake when I get mar-  
ried." "Why so? was the inquiry. Be-  
cause, answered the little fellow, you didn't  
send me any of yours!"

Anxious Father.—What am I to do with  
you, sir—what am I to do with you? Do  
you know, if you continue in your present  
course of cruelty and cowardice, you will be  
fit for nothing but a member of Congress.  
Anxious mother.—Oh! don't say that, fa-  
ther! don't, father! you will humiliate the  
boy!

To one who said, I do not believe there  
is an honest man in the world, another re-  
plied, It is impossible that one man should  
know all the world, but quite possible that  
one man may know himself.

**HELP ONE ANOTHER.**—Sir Walter Scott  
wrote: "The race of mankind would perish  
did we cease to help each other. From the  
time that the mother finds the child's head  
till the moment that some kind assistance  
wipes the death damp from the brow of the  
dying, we cannot exist without mutual help.  
All, therefore, that need aid, have a right  
to ask it of their fellow-mortals; and no one  
who has it in his power to grant, can refuse  
without incurring guilt."

**THE USE OF LANGUAGE.**—A certain Tip-  
perary gentleman, whose name is too fa-  
miliar for me to print, once called upon a  
countryman in Paris, and, after ringing  
stoutly at the bell, the door was opened by  
a very smartly dressed "maid" whose gri-  
zette cap and apron immediately seemed to  
pronounce her to be French.

"Et Captain—est Monsieur O'Shea?"  
asked he, in considerable hesitation.

"Ah, sir, you're English!" exclaimed the  
maid, in a very London accent.

"Yes, my little darlin'; I was asking for  
Captain O'Shea!"

"Ah, sir, you're Irish!" said she, with a  
very significant fall of the voice.

"So," as he afterwards said, "my French  
showed that I was English, and my Eng-  
lish that I was Irish."—*Macaulay.*

**WHAT IS AN ANNIVERSARY.**—The Con-  
gressionalists let in the light of news-  
paper upon this question, by reporting  
the following street colloquy in Boston:

"There—that's an Anniversary, going  
round that corner; don't you see him—that  
great tall fellow with a white neck and a  
black body?"

"What—that one with an umbrella in  
one hand, and a valise in 'tother, and that  
wags his knees though he didn't know the  
way?"

"Yes, that's him. You'll always see 'em  
round about the time the grass gets red  
green on the common, as thick as soldiers  
to a training. Don't you know they call  
this time of year Anniversaries? That's  
why."

I have always preserved my reputation  
said Mrs. — one evening, addressing her-  
self rather pointedly to another lady, to  
which the latter as pointedly replied, I  
know you always set a most ridiculous value  
upon trifles.

The woman who undertook to scour the  
woods, has abandoned the job, owing to  
the high price of soap.

The last that was heard of her was  
skimming the seas.

**HOW ARE STRENGTHENED HIM.**—We  
believe we have got hold of an original  
anecdote that never was printed before.  
A student of one of our State Colleges had  
a barrel of ale deposited in his room—con-  
trary, of course, to rule and usage. He re-  
ceived a summons to appear before the  
President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a bar-  
rel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician ad-  
vises me to try a little each day as a tonic,  
and not wishing to stop at the various  
places where the beverage is retailed, I con-  
cluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed, and have you derived any  
benefit from the use of it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. When the barrel was first  
taken to my room, two days since, I could  
scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with  
the greatest ease."

We believe the witty student was dis-  
charged without special reprimand.

A subscriber writes to an American edi-  
tor in the West: "I don't want your paper  
any longer." To which the editor replied:  
"I wouldn't make it any longer if you did;  
its present length suits me very well."

Our hearts must be more contracted than  
our eyes, or we should not murmur at  
a little cloud, which we can plainly see  
is but a speck in a universe of light.

**EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.**  
The following striking and extraordinary picture  
of the results of emancipation on the white and  
black races, in the British West India Islands, (says  
the Charleston Mercury,) is by Mr. John Jay, an  
enthusiastic Abolitionist, who spent three years  
in the West Indies, and wrote a work entitled "The  
West Indies before and since Emancipation." It  
places British philanthropy in a very curious po-  
sition; and yet, strange to say, the author attempts  
to draw arguments from it in favor of the dogma  
which has led to the destruction and degradation of  
the British West India possessions. His great ar-  
gument is, that if these colonies had been preserved  
in a healthy state, and their inhabitants kept in a  
civilized and regulated condition, the production  
of sugar would have been so large as to have mate-  
rially lessened its price. It is a monstrous reason,  
brought forward to sustain an insane theory. For  
such supposed advantages the British Islands have  
the condition of society depicted in the following ex-  
tract:

Speaking of the poor laboring whites, he says:  
"Previous to emancipation they were far more  
important than subsequently; then, the militia,  
which for a long period was the sole defense of  
Barbadoes, was principally composed of them; then  
those who were not small proprietors had a certain  
amount of land granted to them by the larger  
proprietors, on the condition of performing mili-  
tary service according to a law to that effect. So  
situated, easily supporting themselves and families  
with the little exertion, it is not surprising that they  
acquired the habits which now unfortunately distin-  
guish them. After emancipation, the law alluded  
to ceased to be in force, and the militiamen ceased  
to serve; they were permitted no longer to retain  
free the land before allowed them; and hence,  
with their acquired habits, in a great measure their  
present miserable condition."

"The poor whites, or 'red legs,' as they are con-  
temptuously called, from the red hue of their naked  
legs, are located most in the more distant part of the  
island—distant in relation to Barbadoes, its capi-  
tal and chief seaport, viz. in the Scotch colony, and  
in the poorer portion of St. Philip's and St.  
Lucy's. Now that they are obliged to support  
themselves as they can, they are variously employ-  
ed. Those who possess a little land, or who rent a  
few acres, cultivate chiefly their crops which re-  
quire less labor and the smallest means, such as  
ground provisions, arrowroot, aloes, and perhaps a  
little cotton. I have seen one of them at work on  
his ground in a manner not a little characteristic  
how in one hand, an umbrella, in the other, he  
held over his head, and a face-cloth over his face.  
Some who have been taught to read and write are  
engaged as book-keepers by the proprietors of the  
larger estates, with a pay of about six dollars a  
month, and board and lodging. Some are employ-  
ed in fishing, and that of a single kind, by  
means of the casting net, and are to be seen exer-  
cising their skill on the shore, almost among the  
breakers, apparently at the risk of their lives. Some  
are employed as carriers and grosmen, and some  
as field laborers—a kind of occupation which, when  
slaves only were employed in field labor, would have  
been resented by them as an insupportable degrada-  
tion, and even now is only engaged in from neces-  
sity, and with good reason, for they are ill fitted for  
such work."

His account of emancipated negroes is not a bit  
more flattering:

"Owing to the want of such a system, or rather  
the want of any good instruction, the great mis-  
fortune of these people, since emancipation, have im-  
proved less in moral than in physical condition, to  
the disappointment of many of their white masters of  
former days, who did not expect such a result. In  
consequence, many of them are given